

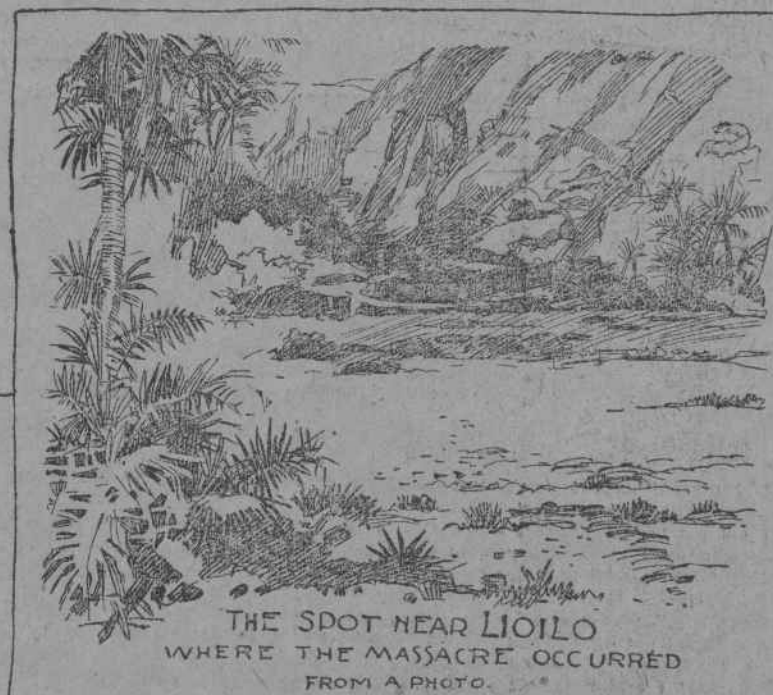
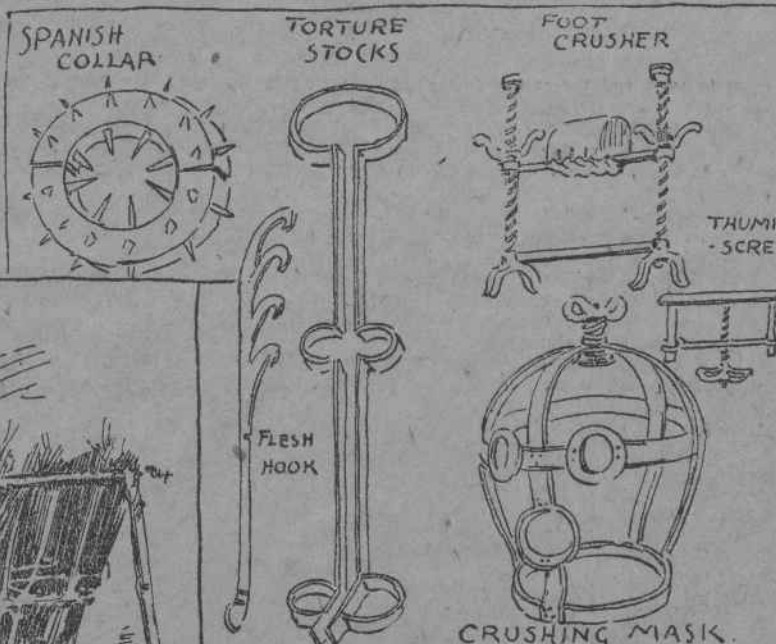
FIRE AND BURNING OIL FOR PRIESTS!

Horrible Fate of Twenty-five Monks in the Philippine Islands Insurrection, Who Were Roasted Like Pigs in a Human Barbecue by the Frenzied Rebels, in Retaliation for Spanish Atrocities on Patriot Prisoners.

SOME INTERESTING TORTURE HARDWARE THEY USE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

EVER since the beginning of the rebellion in the Philippine Islands, stories of awful atrocities have come across the sea.

It began with the comparatively mild garrote, but every report was worse than the one preceded it. Throwing men into an underground cellar and keeping them there till half were dead was among the lightest of the punishments which Spain



TYPES OF NATIVE ISLANDERS FROM A PHOTO.

"They were dressed as prize pigs in the market."
"They were spitted."
"Then they were roasted alive."

meted out to her insurgent subjects, and those subjects paid back with interest all the cruelty that was heaped on them.

When one of their leaders was shot to death, they at the announced hour of the day of execution stood fifty Spaniards in a line and shot them down.

When the news of the awful struggle in the black hole of Manila reached the woods, the insurgents sacked a monastery and hung all the priests.

So it has gone on. Now one side and now the other had the greatest tally of horrors on its score.

The last and most awful of all the atrocities was the burning alive of twenty-five old Spanish monks.

The news comes from Lioilo.

It was brought by the steamer Hupeh to Vancouver, B. C., and has been fully verified.

These monks had themselves done nothing to anger the rebels; indeed, some of them were supposed to be in sympathy with the rebellion, and had harbored in the monastery two rebel wounded who, if they had fallen into a Spaniard's hands, would have been immediately executed.

Now that the crime has been committed, some of the rebels say that the monks turned over to the Government the secrets confessed by one of these men, who died shortly after. This, however, is probably merely an excuse for an outrage so frightful that it even fell with some sort of shock on the rebel chiefs themselves.

The burning of these monks was not the first torture of the sort, but the grew some details of this execution have never been paralleled even in the Philippines, which have dripped with torture blood for four hundred years.

In this case the half breed raiders from the hills made a holiday of the burning of the monks.

One of their leaders in a proclamation once spoke of the holy men of the Church as hogs who fed upon the blood and brains of the Philippine Islands. This phrase caught the followers, and they added a burlesque feature to what they were about to do.

The hapless old monks had their cassocks torn from them.

They were dressed as prize pigs in the market.

They were spitted.

Then they were roasted alive.

It was all after the fashion of the hideous feast that the natives practiced before the Spanish conquest.

Though there are eight million people in the Philippine Islands, probably six million of these do not know that there is any war. Though the islands are nominally a Spanish possession, the fortified cities and a narrow rim of sea coast are all the Spaniards hold. The interior of the islands has never even been explored, and the vast population of Negritos has never even heard of Spain. Once in a while some ambitious Captain-General has led an expedition into the mountains, and has been lucky if he came out alive.

The rebellion is being carried on by Mestizos, half breed Spaniards and Malays, who combine all the bad qualities of both races. The revolution was first planned by respectable men among their half Malay population—men of wealth and education, and a knowledge of the rules of civilization. Their plan was for a bloodless overthrow of the Government. Spain had only a few thousand troops there, and the natives thought they would be able to overthrow these by an immense superiority of numbers. Accident revealed the plan before it was ripe and the fighting began.

Since then the wholesale slaughter by the Spaniards of every Mestizo who by his wealth or intelligence was a little raised above his fellows has robbed the war of every pretense of civilization. The rebels no longer even affect to obey the humane orders of their first commanders, but kill and pillage and torture whenever they get a chance. It must be admitted that they have not a very good example of humanity in their Christian advisers, because the Spaniards have revived the terrors of

the Inquisition to extort confessions from their prisoners.

"The Maiden," the iron boot, a hundred forms of racks, the Spanish collar, the thumb screw, the crown of spikes, even the wheel on which to break prisoner's bones are said, upon the most authoritative advice, to be in constant operation in the dungeons of Manila.

It was the priests, by the way, who were responsible for the disclosure of the plans of the revolutionists. The conspiracy was a year old before they heard of it. It was organized on a Masonic basis and lodges of the Sons of Freedom were established throughout the island under the disguise of an ordinary secret society. One of the meeting places was at the house of an old Indian woman of Cavite. She was patriotic enough, but her religion was dearer to her than her country, and she never dreamed that the secrets of the confessional could ever be known outside of her father confessor.

One day, having committed some petty sin that weighed on her, this old woman felt that she had to go and make her peace with the Church. She went to the great monastery of Imus, and from the tale of her own shortcomings heedlessly gabbled on to the great revolution.

The startled priest got her to tell the whole story, the names of the leaders, their times of meeting, and everything. There was an anxious time in the monastery of Imus. The father found the confession he heard too heavy to be kept alone. He confided his secret, under the seal of the Church, to the Bishop. That dignitary submitted the question to the brethren within the monastery, and they decided that their first duty was to prevent a hideous war, and so the tidings were conveyed to the astonished Government, which had not observed the slightest sign of insurrection.

When the old Indian woman returned to her place, a dim perception of the mischief

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who died with him would even parley with the proposers of this treachery.

The insurgents knew the day and hour in which Venecia gave up his life, and every hand executed an equal number of Spanish prisoners—monks, traders or soldiers, whichever they could capture—at the same hour, with as much ceremony and publicity.

This enraged the Spaniards, and they brought out all their tortures. The roasting alive of the twenty-five monks is the result. This dreadful tragedy was narrated in detail by a most responsible business man of Lioilo, who, while he would not admit that he was present, is known by the foreigners to be interested in the revolution. That he has escaped the fate of other wealthy Mestizos is due to his relationship

While the prisoners were in camp the rebels had one of their hideous feasts. On such occasions the main article of the banquet is a young pig. They take the animal, run him through with a bamboo in such a way that he will not bleed to death, rest the bamboo between two uprights and then turn it over a slow fire, roasting the animal alive. The feast concluded with a wild orgy, and the drunken savages conceived the idea of carrying out the simile of the leader of long ago.

They would roast the monks as they had the pig!

In order that no item of their devilish enjoyment should be omitted the fate is stated for them was promptly communicated to the monks. A few of the older men among the prisoners faintly, but otherwise they did not add to their captors' delight. Not one of them begged for his life.

They continued their prayers and blessed each other as one by one they were taken for the horrid sacrifice. The first of those taken bore the ordeal of impalement with martyr-like stoicism.

Fortunate were those who were weak and feeble. Nature provides an anesthetic when pain becomes unendurable. Madness or insensibility comes to the rescue of those condemned to such tortures as these poor fathers of the Church suffered. Some of them lived a long time as they hung on the spits, being turned over and over, above the drying fire.

While the monks were suffering their martyrdom, the rebels danced around them cursing the Spaniards and the Christians. The stoicism of the monks enraged them still more, and their very hellishness was one poor piece of good fortune to their victims.

They worked themselves into such a frenzy dancing around the fires that they could not keep their hands off their victims, but pelted them with stones and struck at them with pikes and shot at them, so that many of the priests whose martyrdom might have endured indefinitely recoiled a quicker death.

When it was all over the rebels marched away, leaving the half-burned bodies of their victims still hanging by the spits as prey to the vultures.

There is no possibility that the monks' death will be avenged on their immediate murderers, but there will be plenty of vicarious atonement.

The torture chambers in the cities of Spanish Philippine will be red with the blood of Mestizos to pay for the hideous ceremony that was enacted not two hours

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she had done broke upon her, and she told the rebels that met there of her confession. She was promptly killed and her body left in the fields. Swiftly came the news from the spies in the capital that the monastery of Imus had betrayed the secrets of the confessional to the Government.

Before the Spanish troops could reach Imus the revolutionists had captured it, with all its wealth and the great stores of rice and provisions. Not a friar lived to tell of the Mestizos' revenge.

Some were hanged. Some were thrown into the river with their hands bound to their feet, to drown. These were the lucky ones.

The father confessor of the old Indian woman suffered the death of "Ling Chi"—the death of a thousand cuts—an exquisite form of torture borrowed from China. Of course there were reprisals—lots of them. The story of the black hole of Manila has often been told. A hundred and sixty-nine men were thrown into a dungeon where there was actually not room for all

of them to lie without resting one upon the other.

Fifty-nine of them died the first night. Those who survived were hanged or shot. The answer to this was the capture of another monastery.

A small one which was surprised by a night attack, and the wretched monks were hung up by the thumbs, saturated with oil and burned to death.

After that, as though paralyzed by the horror, there was a slight lull in the torturing. Then the word was to kill, and kill quickly. It was started again by the capture and execution of Francisco Venecia, the organizer of the Sons of Freedom. The execution of Venecia and three of his followers was made a festival in Cavite. All the soldiers were in full dress uniform, and every band was out. The flags were flying, and the procession of death was like a pageant in honor of a great victory. The prisoners were shot in the back, the Spanish way of dealing with rebels. They were offered life on condition that they betrayed all they knew of the rebel plans. But neither the leader nor the three men

with Spaniards of influence, and his semi-official connection with one of the consuls.

The victims of the horror were gathered from two monasteries. They were surprised in the night, and had not the least chance for resistance. Most of them were very old. They were kept for days by the rebels bound hand and foot, while the ingenious ones among their captors planned and debated what eccentricity of torture should be their portion.

During these days of captivity the monks prayed aloud for the natives whom they knew were about to murder them. Only two or three asked for mercy, and these pleaded with the wild rebels to spare them, not for their own sakes, but for the sakes of their souls and their country.

ride from Manila.

One of the Manila monasteries is possessed of a Latin prayer, said to have been the work of one of the martyred fathers, who asked just that much time before he shared the fate of his brother monks. If this is genuine, it is certainly the most remarkable document ever written.

Fancy the nerve and strength to put into language and write a prayer for those who were about to spit him to this death, and conceive the man who could do so, and scholarly work while being turned on a spit before a roasted used to be turned place in English homes.